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POEMS



CICELY M. WHITAKER

Mrs. F. L. A.

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With love and
sincerest regards
Linda Whitaker Brown
Dec. 1911.

Handwritten text in blue ink, consisting of several lines of cursive script. The text is heavily faded and illegible due to significant water damage and staining across the page.

P O E M S

By

Cicely M. ^{and} Whitaker



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CHAMPAIGN

TO I. C.

DEC 14 '37
G. Mrs. P. L. Stevens

THINK not thy praise is naught,
Or naught thy sympathy,
When I have chased the thought,
Which, still eluding me,
I grasp with touch o'er bold,
And think in words to hold,
Then find to my dismay
Its life has fled away,
And but the corpse I bear
In garments wrought with care,
When thus to thee I bring
The lifeless, mangled thing,
And lay it at thy feet,
Thy dear acceptance sweet,
Gives it a second birth,
Makes it a thing of worth,
Henceforth it lives for me,
The life it gains from thee.

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A MEDITATION.

St. Mark, 3:31.

GREY shade of doubt between me and the
Lord,
Oh, Mary, can it be thou hast forgot
All thy great joy? Dost thou remember not
The exulting hymn through which thy praise
was poured?

Canst not e'en now within thy mem'ry hear,
Through all the tumult of this noisy world
The angel's voice, who with bright pinions
furled,
Once stood beside thee, bidding thee not fear?

Yes! once again, had'st thou the power to
see,
Beside thee standing is that angel fair,
Nor altered is the message he doth bear,
Though strangely altered all things seem to
thee.

Oh, blessed among women wast thou called,
And to thy care the child divine was given ;
His coming ope'd for thee the gates of Heaven,
How canst thou, then, by sorrows be appalled?

Or was the promise of his birth so great,
That viewed beside this poor reality,
Some fair delusion it doth seem to thee,
Which thy pure mind while musing did create?

But many years since then have passed thee by,
And thou hast seen life's early glory fade,
And many bright hopes in their grave hast laid,
Since He upon thy knee a child did lie.

Oh, in that little house at Nazareth,
As He beside thee grew through childhood's
days,
Whilst watching all His sweet, and pleasant
ways,
Didst thou still hear the visions murmuring
breath?

But when He, strong and self-reliant grew,
And less dependent on thy tender care,
When other children came thy love to share,
Then did the vision grow more distant too.

Till as thou watched'st Him at His daily toil,
A man among His brethren working there,
As though forgetful of the glories rare,
That round His birth had wove their wondrous
coil,

Thy faith grew dim. Oh, Mary, chide me not,
If more than strange, it seems to me that thou
Art seen to stand among the doubters now
As though thou hadst that wondrous birth
forgot.

Oh, Christ! forgive the weary, doubting hour,
When vainly stretching out my hands to Thee,
The form of Mary seemed to me to be,
Of one denying all Thy marvelous power.

Forgive, if in impatience and in pride,
I oft have said : Had I the vision seen,
Though all the world had striv'n my heart to
wean,
I still had worshipped constant by Thy side.

If I had heard but once Thy gracious voice,
Or seen the least of all Thy wondrous deeds,
Henceforth to me were naught the wisest creeds,
To follow Thee for aye, my only choice.

But not alone to thee, Oh, Mary, mild,
To clothe divinity in flesh is given,
Each thought that here descends to us from
Heaven,
Is like the birth of some strange gracious child.

And the joy we feel in its possession,
A promise of great future seems to be,
Wide kingdoms conquered by that child we see,
And for his work all meaner tasks we shun.

Oh, Mary, when like thee with eyes grown dim,
With mists of disappointment and with tears,
As looking backward through the darkening years,
Our hopes, delusions seem but to have been.

May we remember how the Christ-child came,
Though promised He should rule o'er Israel,
Beneath the wrath of His own people fell,
Lived, worked and died, nor seemed that
crown to gain.

And yet, through all the years that since have
flown,
His life from every life new honor gains,
Now, more than king, He in His kingdom
reigns,
And all His words and deeds have brighter
grown.

So, let us hail with joy, each radiant thought,
Nor be dismayed though it should seem to be
A servant bright, to dark reality,
Knowing 'twas thus that highest truth was taught.

WOODLANDS, 1892.

THEY are not here who die :
Not 'neath these stones they lie:
The river flowing by,
Escapes their ken.

But every common way ;
Where they but once did stray
Though known but for a day,
Will welcome them.

Their spirits do not come,
These whispering trees among,
The birds cease not their song
At their alarm.

But every sight and sound,
Once to their memory bound,
Will ever more be found,
Touched by their charm.

Then, wherefore, do we lay
These flowers here to-day,
Since we may truly say,
 They are not here.

And, wherefore, do we trace
Their name in carved grace
Above their chosen place?
 They are not here.

'Tis tribute that we pay
Unto the earth to-day,
For life we take away,
 And have of her.

Some tribute must we bring,
Some willing offering,
For gifts unfaltering,
 That are her care.

She but receives again,
That which we do not claim,
Earth unto earth the strain,
 The spirit hears.

The spirit thus set free,
Returns with us to be,
Our spirit's company,
 Through all earth's years.

PALM SUNDAY.

WE cry Hosanna with the crowd,
And with them strew with palms the way ;
We speak our praise of Thee aloud ;
The world has done the same alway,
But in the silence of the night,
When only whisper it we may ;
When we are far from life and light,
“ Barabbas ” is the word we say.

We say “ Barabbas, ” but we mean
To keep him in his prison cell ;
We say, “ Barabbas, ” and we mean
Only to treat the prisoner well.
We may forget his presence soon,
Or he may perish ; who can tell ?
We grant him but this little boon,
At peace within our hearts to dwell.

But once upon that fatal morn,
Thou didst thy wonted power display,
And by thy silent mandate borne,
He came into the light of day.
No whisper now his name conceals,
No subtle arguments delay,
Its inner thought the world reveals,
“ Barabbas ” is its choice alway.

And so, disguise it as we will,
With self-deceiving sophistry,
That choice must bear one impress still,
That separates the soul from Thee.
The object of the heart's desire,
When Thee, alone, it may not be,
Need to no other name aspire,
No other choice the soul may see.

St. Luke, 5:4.

NOT in the shallow waters of life's sea,
Though there in darkness thou may'st
safely go ;
But where life's waters do most deeply flow,
Launch forth thy bark, there let thy labors be,
There from the trammels of earth's custom free,
Lighted by strength of purpose, as by day,
Let not men's wonder, nor their scorn dismay,
For as thy faith, so thy reward shall be.
Nor shalt thou grieve, though others seem to
find
In sheltered ways, and in security,
All thou dost seek in danger's company ;
But leaving safety, and the night behind,
Welcome the danger unto thee assigned,
Since with it cometh light and liberty.

Hebrews, 13:13.

JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM thy light,
Since He went forth who should have
been thy King,
Bearing His Cross, and suffering from thy sin,
Is quenched now in ignominious night,
And Him thou could'st or would'st not judge
aright,
But put to death in midst of bitter shame,
Is now the world's praise given, thou its blame.
But though the world confesses now His might,
And on His altar many a tribute lays,
It is the self-same world that long ago,
To His humility was proved a foe ;
And not to this e'en now it honor pays,
But they who seek Him truly in these days,
Forth to Him still without the gate must go.

SUGGESTED BY AN ESSAY OF FREDERIC
HARRISON'S.

I HELD a much-worn volume in my hand,
And pondering o'er its words, still strove
to find
Some key into the mystery behind
This present and material life, and scanned
With Pity at my side, the region planned
For those who die in sin, and weeping sore
We quenched the flames of Hell forever more,
And in the Book all words for Hell were banned.
Then we rejoiced, and wiped away our tears,
But Reason pushing wide the half-closed door,
Entered so softly we scarce knew her there,
Until she, calmly smiling at our fears,
Took up the book, and by her magic rare,
All words which promised Heaven away she
bore.

RUSSIA.

L O ! from the land whose dark dominion lies
Like a vast shadow of the East unfurled
Upon the borders of the western world,—
That land of gloom, whose gift of light supplies
But evidence that it all light defies.
By its relentless rulers ever hurled
In deeper woe, that round its borders curled
Its battlements may in more splendor rise.
O'er wasted fields and ruined hamlets lone
We hear the clang of thy great armory.
But like to her whose price of perjury
Proved but the weight that crushed her lifeless
form,
Thou soon shalt find, when fallen ambition's doom,
Thou dost but guard the entrance to a tomb.

WELL did he say who bade us sow the
seed

Nor stand in doubt which were the wiser time,
Nor think to grasp the harvest which is thine,
To give or to withhold. Whate'er the seed
The fruit it bears is still by Thee decreed.
I planted joy and thought the harvest mine
Of brightest flowers whereon the sun should
shine

And make my earth a Paradise indeed.
The planting was the only joy I found,
I watered with my tears the arid ground,
And thought the desolation would remain
As if on deserts fell a thankless rain.
And lo ! untended by a thought or care
Fair fields and sheltering woodlands blossom there.

HOW shall I keep my life above the tide
Of frivolous things that pass me day by
day?

How can I look upon my life and say
These things I chose, these others are denied,
Who from the realm where duty doth preside
With simple law, hath deemed it well to stray
Into that labyrinth, where with dismay
I find I am myself my only guide.
Fain would I feel once more Thy sheltering fold
Around my life, Alas ! the fatal key,
Once taken from its resting place with Thee,
Must in his hands remain, who overbold,
Has dared to unlock the closed door
That he may lock upon himself no more.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

PRAISE is a goddess who with skillful hand
Draws a fair veil across reality,
And bids us through its glittering meshes see
The house we dreamed of fully builded stand.
Bids us forget the care with which we planned
Its fair proportions, and the many hours
We labored, but scarce hoped to call it ours,
Its beauty making fairer all the land.
Blame is a taskmaster who with rude breath
Blows far away the glittering veil of Praise,
While on our work destroying hands he lays,
Dooming our lofty aims to instant death,
Bidding us lay more true the stones beneath,—
Under his rule the work unfinished stays.

WITH princely gifts I saw them heap thy
shrine,
And heard thy praise from every side resound,
And saw thy life with many honors crowned
And much I wished the power to give were mine.
As I with empty hands, a weary time,
Lingered in hope that thou would'st look and
see
That I with tears did mourn my poverty,
And that among thy gifts, they too, might
shine.
But as I watched thee from my distant place
Outside the circle of the glittering crowd,
I thought I saw their praises cause a cloud
Of weariness to sadden thy sweet face,
So on thy memory though I left no trace,
I can rejoice I darkened not the cloud.

NOW thou art gone, and we no longer share
The sunset clouds, the fair or gloomy
day,
The budding spring, nor autumn's lengthened
stay,
Clothing with softest light the brown woods
bare,
Until we almost think they are more fair
Than when in summer's garment green and
gay.
Since we no longer share these things, I say,
Let us for those that change not have more
care,
Let us arise above the season's range.
And hold communion where there is no
change.
The sun, the moon, the stars, may still be
ours—
And the blue sky that ever o'er us towers,
So though life's destinies on earth divide
Through Heaven our thoughts may wander
side by side.

TO I. C.

LONG have I wished mine were the power to
bind
To words full worthily thy character ;
To catch thy ever-changing moods, and snare
The subtle charm I seem to lose and find,
And lose again, before my baffled mind
Has given it name or can its form declare.
I know no words that thy full impress bear,
Thou own'st some quality yet undefined,
'Tis said that we grasp but degrees of things :
That on each side the rainbow-colors lie,
We cannot paint by our imaginings,
We need some other sense to name them by.
How can I draw a just analogy ?
Some sense is wanting rightly to name thee.

TO I. C.

I N the circle of a bubble,
I All the world that I can see,
Lies reflected, nothing wanting,
In its perfect spherity.

Multiply the bubble over
Till the sky can hold no more,
And the picture is the picture,
Plus the bubbles, nothing more.

So contain thy smiles and praises
All the world could give to me,
I behold them undistracted
By mere multiplicity.

W^HEN by the questionings of life distressed

Keep this one truth within thy soul confessed,—
So long as thou canst feel, or pain, or bliss,
Thou hast thyself the power to ban or bless.

T^HOUGH oft my heart rebelled 'gainst thy control,

Thou hast had patience with my wayward soul,
And canceling all the steps I should have taken,
Hast set before me a yet higher goal.

A FRAGMENT.

May not the three Temptations have been Christ's desire to give to the world three gifts: The gift of a perfect physical life, of a perfect physical organization, and a revelation which could not be doubted?—(*Read St. Luke, iv, 1-14.*)

SO Thou didst leave us, nor did'st satisfy
The three great needs that vex the human
soul,
And mystery descends, and shuts us in
Closely as ever, save that Thou hast sent
An angel to us, whispering words like these,—
“What seek ye here? Lo, He has gone before.”
My soul against the darkness did rebel,
Then, from the distance faintly, then more clear,
Hope, like a star, did through the night appear.
I watched it as it brighter grew,
And as its glorious rays about me fell,
My soul in ecstasy to meet it flew,
But sank again beneath the touch of dread,
The fear of loss, a darkly brooding care
That mingled with the joy I scarce could bear.
Then covering my face to hide the light,
Fearing its glory, fearing, too, the night
Scarce knowing I, of which the most afraid,
Humbly my spirit for submission prayed.

LIFE with its narrow walls shuts in
The soul that would be free,
Its hopes are naught but restlessness,
Its striving brings but weariness—
At peace it cannot be.

So when I've grown too tired to strive,
Too restless to be still,
Forth into death my soul shall steal
Its boundless liberty to feel,
Its perfect peace drink in.

AS when by some mighty upheaval
The streams that flow into the sea
Taste at their source the salt ocean,
And learn thus their infinity.

So we when our passions o'erwhelm us,
And sorrow and pain seem to bear
No proportion to earth's brief existence
Find proof of eternity there.

L O! I have looked on death and felt no
fear,
Naught but the longing that a soul might feel
Who from his bark becalmed in harbor drear
See'th a neighboring craft's white sail slow fill
With a fair breeze, that bears her ever on,
To where she sinks beneath the horizon's rim.

THEY came and said the child was
dead,

They spoke the words with fear,
For all night long the king had lain
And comfort would not hear.

But now he rose and stood erect
Calmly his grief to bear,
For he who could not comfort brook,
Was strengthened by despair.

I WILL not say I grieve for thee,
Alone I seem to stand
Upon some barren point in space,
Where far and wide on every hand,
No pathway can I trace.

Rayless and soundless is the air,
It holds the silence of despair.
As lifeless seems my soul to be,
And in my desolation I become
Part of the void I seem to gaze upon.

THERE'S often more said in word
Than books could ever hold,
There's often more said in a glance
Than words have ever told.

When memory no longer reaps
The fruits of labors sown,
Back through the years undimmed, unchanged
Shall come a look, a tone.

“MY kingdom is not of this world !”
So said the Christ and all the Jews
reviled
Save some few souls whose hidden worth
He saw, and to Himself beguiled.

And Christians now make efforts vain
To cause that kingdom on this earth to thrive,
And marvel when their efforts fail,
That it cannot be kept alive.

But Christ is now what He was then,
He grieves not when He sees their banners
furled.
But touching some few souls He says :
“ My kingdom is not of this world.”

Why is it that the human soul
Through all its misery
Forevermore looks up to God
Seeming His face to see?

Why is it on the deepest grief
The soul of man can feel
It yet unhesitatingly,
Places love's holy seal?

It is not that it hopeth thus
It may avert the blow,
For oft it feels God's presence most
When it least hope doth know.

As one alone upon a wreck
The helpless waves between,
Might see upon the distant shore
A friendly beacon gleam.

And by the brightness of that ray
A brother standing see
Stretching his hands across the night
In helpless sympathy.

He could forget his loneliness
In light and love thus shed,
And though no other help came near
He would be comforted.

So God held back by nature's laws,
Across the awful space,
Looks on the suffering human soul
With pity on His face.

And by some kindly given power
That pity is descried,
And though no other help be given
The soul is satisfied.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER
READING "POEMS" BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

YES, it is well that we are half asleep,
The agony of life else who could bear,
For we are drugged by pain while tasting it,
And sleep away the lessons of despair.

And so, I look on life with half-closed eyes,
And life with half-closed eyes looks back on me,
And only for a moment sudden roused,
Our gaze is strained in helpless sympathy.

Oh, Friend, upon the pages of whose book
The impress of this anguish deep is seen,
Thou, too, must pass across these heights of woe,
And tread the unimpassioned flats between.

And some day thou wilt turn these leaves of thine
And read the strange, familiar words once more,
And seek the spirit that inspired thy line,
But thou wilt not its perfect pain restore.

Then wilt thou chafe at this unwishéd calm,
Yet grieve not, nor desire what cannot be,
Thy work is done, and thou canst not return,
Lo ! others reach thy heights, and by thee see.

THOU art the moon in Thy fair glory shining,
And we the drops of water in the sea.
That silver pathway now Thy light enshrining,
Are lives wherein Thine image Thou may'st see.

But, oh ! deep down beyond the farthest reach-
ing
Of Thy bright arrows, piercing though they
are,
Are lives that still with earnestness unceasing,
Follow Thy guiding influence from afar.

They follow Thee in darkness overpowering ;
They wander to and fro, they know not why,
Through caves unlit, where Echo still is sound-
ing

To their vain question, her as vain reply.

Their voice is heard beneath the roar of ocean,
It mars the joyous ripple on the beach,
And not its breathless calm, nor wild commo-
tion,
Dispels the mournful cadence of their speech.

They ask for light who never knew it present,
They seek for joy who never felt its power,
And unto Thee unnamed with cry incessant,
They plead for satisfaction, hour by hour.

Oh, Infinite in might they may not question,
Be infinite in mercy and in love,
And from the darkness of the depths of ocean,
Draw them at last into Thy light above.

I CANNOT feel my sorrows near to-night,
They seem to float afar like yonder clouds,
Rose-tinted in the sunset's golden light.

So by the touch of some mysterious power,
All my dark thoughts are changed to memories,
Veiled in sweet peace like clouds at sunset hour.

I know that from the west the light must fade,
And leave the clouds piled dark and ominous:
Till they by night invisible are made.

So, too, I know that of this joy bereft,
My soul once more must feel the presence near,
Of dark, sad thoughts, like clouds by sunset left.

Oh! much I wish now might I die the while
Life has put off her dark forbidding look,
And wears for me her sweetest, brightest smile.

AS darkest midnight is revealed
By stars that brightest glow,
So to the world by Joy revealed
Life's darkest moments show.

'Tis Joy that in her noon-day hour
Gives us Grief's form to see,
And by her, hands and tongue,
To paint his mastery.

For who with hands benumbed by pain
The painter's brush can hold,
Or who when sobs scarce utterance gain
His grief in words has told.

Nay, Joy it is, that holds the light
By which Grief's form we see,
But Grief himself is darkest night,
Sightless and speechless he.

PERHAPS when I have thrown away
This heavy garment of the flesh,
My spirit light shall rise some day
Into the regions of the blest.
There will I wait the face to see,
That shall make heaven, heaven to me.

A thousand thousand years I'd stand,
Nor deem the time thus waiting long,
That I might see Thee walk the strand
The crowding angel hosts among.
Then would I kneel and kiss the sod,
Which more than angel feet have trod.

DEATH IN A HOSPITAL.

THEY closed his eyes and wrapped him round
In the coarse sheet, and went their way,
And thought no more upon him there
As in the silent morgue he lay.

The mourners who for charity
To that else riteless burial came,
Performed the humble obsequies,
But scarcely thought to ask his name.

No tears were shed, and no one felt
A blank into his life had come,
Nor through the years that since have fled
Has told of aught that he had done.

But angel hosts fell back that day
As through the courts of heaven he trod,
And bending low before the throne,
A crystal soul gave back to God.

"The Ages circling round, shall never give to this creature shape again."—CARLYLE.

OUT of the dust the flowers grow,
Out of our earth-born elements,
High aspirations rise and glow.

Into the dust the seeds are blown ;
The flowers die, nor live again,
New flowers are they to rise and bloom.

Out of old thoughts new deeds are born—
Deeds that keep fresh this dusty world :—
The end of life we will not mourn.

We are but dust, to dust return ;
Rude shapes of clay to feed awhile
The light divine, then let it burn.

And be content it shall remain
Though all consumed, this mortal form
Shall never take this shape again.

TO THE CHURCH OF ST. ———.

I N seven weeks my feet shall tread
Thy charmed ways once more,
In seven weeks, how quickly said,
How slow to travel o'er!

I know the leaves will fallen be
From thy loved vine and trees,
But winter cannot take from thee,
The charm that fancy sees.

I know that cold will be the air,
That will about thee blow,
But I shall find thee still as fair,
Beneath the winter's snow.

As when I left thee summer-clad,
In thy rich robe of shade,
As when I knew that Beauty had
Thee in her best arrayed.

What is the bond thou still dost keep
Between thyself and me !
No outward change can touch that deep
Long-rooted sympathy.

For like the vine that wreathes thee still,
Though robbed of Beauty's dower,
And feels not at its roots the chill
That o'er its leaves have power.

My heart that once in gladness grew
To know and love thee well,
Still turns to thee with love as true,
Though sorrow joy dispel.

Though sorrow joy dispel, my heart,
Uplifted by thy power,
Shall like the vine whose strength thou art,
Await the brighter hour.

THE PHŒBE BIRD.

THY plaintive call, oh Phœbe bird,
Now once again, I hear,
Alluring as the spring's return,
It greets my listening ear.

I sought thee once in early spring,
The leafless trees among,
And followed long, unweariedly,
Thy sweet, elusive song.

I thought to find some stranger bird,
In glistening wing perched high,
Some rare and soon-flown visitor,
To match that distant cry.

I knew not then the little bird,
That builds beneath our eaves,
Familiar as the oriole,
That gleams amid the leaves.

As when a child, by rhythmic words
Whose meaning still escaped,
My mind allured and following,
Some fairy image shaped.

Which better knowledge has transformed
To a familiar thing,
To which through all the passing years
That first strange charm doth cling,

So, tho' I know thee now to be
A little bird in grey,
The first charm of thy plaintive note
Has never passed away.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FLOWER that opens when the sun
Has left the earth to twilight grey,
Still gleaming like the stars above,
The evening primrose lights the way.

Dark the hedge where undiscerned
The sun's companions hidden lie,
While thy bright petals pierce the gloom,
As stars the sun-forsaken sky.

THOU wert so young, so young and fair,
Thus suddenly to pass beyond our ken,
Into the shadow of that mystery,
For aye unlightened by the minds of men.

And I, who knew thee not enough for grief,
At sudden thought of thee am made to feel
As might one who through sunny meadows comes
All unexpected on a dark ravine.

WHY honor ye the poet thus?
The gift he gives is not his own ;
Worthless the word he speaks to us
Unless we hear the undertone
Of the one voice that speaks to all,
That voice to him is power alone.

Upon the meanest flower that grows,
The jewel of the dew will form,
And pictured in its sphere repose
The glories of the early morn
The farthest stars that pierce the night
May there reflected seem new born.

And ye who hear the words of light
And listen to the song he sings,
Keep ye your hearts attuned aright,
Ye, too, shall rise on thought's strong wings,
And visions of more glory see
Than any word of Poet brings.

Who climb the steep with weary feet
May leave their print behind,
But they who rise on pinions fleet
Tread nothing but the wind.
Would ye your spirits thus set free
Be careless of the words that bind?

THY coming, Love, was like the morn,
Whose brilliance born of coming storm
But makes the sailor fear.
And that delight I had in thee
Was but an earnest prophecy
Of days most dark and drear.

Thy going, Love, was like the shock
Of vessel cast upon a rock,
Mid waters wild and wide,
Whose terrors bear the soul away
Beyond the hope of coming day
And coming helpers hide.

As sailors welcome back the morn
Whose brightness is of greyness born,
So I my second day,
Whose strange unlooked-for peace doth seem.
The coming of a white sail seen
Through clouds that break away.

ON A PROMISE TO READ "ENDYMION"
TO A FRIEND.

I HAVE read "Endymion :"
Underneath the oak tree's shade,
In my hammock in the glade,
There from morn till set of sun,
I have read "Endymion."

As I read "Endymion,"
Lost at first in fancy's maze,
Knowing naught of poet's ways,
Smiled I as the tale went on,
O'er thy page, "Endymion."

Still, I read "Endymion,"
Till the mystery it holds
Slowly o'er my spirit folds.
And the smile is quelled and gone,
By thy power, "Endymion."

Thou would'st hear "Endymion?"
Nay, the promise I recall,
To that great confessional
There must enter only one,—
Read thyself "Endymion !"

THE YELLOW DAISY OF SANTA FÉ.

BECAUSE you raise your yellow heads,
And glisten in the sun,
My foot avoids you where it treads,
And walks the grass upon.

So life, in her too partial way,
Smiles on the rich and glad,
But lays the burden of the day,
Upon the poor and sad.

THE BLUE BIRD OF SANTA FÉ.

THIS bird that flies so near the ground,
Does heaven's own colors wear :
The purple zenith's deepest hue,
The middle distance's calm blue,
And the pale horizon fair.

Who will not look above, may see
Upon his plumage, each degree
Of light that wraps the sphere.
But I, by sudden beauty startled,
Sought the source whence he was mantled,
And like Plato, I descried,
The Archetype his grace supplied.

THE SAINT.

HER spirit left this lower earth,
And dwelt within a star ;
But from the place to which it rose
It watched her from afar.

It shone upon her hands and feet,
It glistened in her hair,
Its light reflected from her eyes,
Made life's dark ways more fair.

And so she walked a form of earth,
In fire of heaven arrayed,
And they who watched her, felt that here
Below a spirit strayed.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION ON THE
HILLS OF SANTA FÉ.

BETWEEN two tiny cedar trees
That grace a hillside rough and bare,
And stir in music to the breeze,
I sit their solitude to share.

For miles and miles before me lie
The gently rising green-clad hills,
Till wrapped in snow against the sky,
Their loftiest rank the distance fills.

No sign of life, save Nature's own,
Touches the scene on which I gaze,
And I with Nature am alone,
Sole guest of her untrodden ways.

The town behind me hidden lies
By the low hill on which I sit,
But sounds that from its life arise,
By distance softened tell of it.

Adown upon the beaten road
I hear the horsemen come and go,
But naught but sounds reach my abode,
Shut in by hills from sights below.

Hidden among the encircling hills,
But to familiar things so near,
No sense of desolation fills
The mind with loneliness or fear.

And well it suits me in this mood.
Who find in earth but care and strife,
To seek within this solitude
The loss of self, in Nature's life.

Till from foreboding thoughts set free,
My heart at length finds peace with her,
And loses in her harmony
The discord of its own despair.

So simply here has Nature wrought
The cure that lures the mind from care,
I sometimes doubt the virtue brought,
Can have such efficacy rare.

Until at night on sleepless eyes,
And heart and brain with care o'er fraught,
The visions of the hills arise,
And once again life's ills are naught.

And once again the sounds of earth
By distance softened, soothe and cheer,
And once again life's better worth
Has whispered peace and banished fear.

And when the skies are overcast,
And storm and cloud the heaven fills,
I dream of days when storms are past,
And I once more am in the hills.

A S shines the mica on the dusty road,
Its ray of light reflected to the sun,
Which fearless doth the countless miles outrun,
To lose itself within its first abode.

So doubt not thou communion to attain,
With the great Soul that fills infinity.
Who sending mid earth's life His light to thee,
Doth welcome to Himself that light again.

I SAW the hills and skies reflected
In the clear waters of the silent lake ;
So still it was, the image was perfected ;
And for itself did a new beauty make,
So may Thy will within my heart reflected,
From its submission a new beauty take.

HERE is a flower, a moment shone
The sun above its head,
And lo, its petals are disclosed,
In all their beauty spread.

So slight a thing, a minute's birth,
Is this all thou canst bring?
Ah ! friend, the root from which it grew
Doth at earth's centre spring.

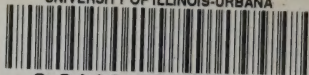








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